

The Dawning of a New Age

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Summary: The United Alliance of Sanghelli, Unggoy and Lekgolo have joined with the Humans to fight the Covenant. However, during an assault on a Covenant planet with the UNSC's newest ship, things start to go wrong....

1. Chapter 1

The Dawning of a New Age

Authors Note: This is my first fanfic, and while I have read all three Halo books, they are not fresh on the mind. Therefore if there is anything wrong, please feel free to include it in your review and I will change it. Thank you.

* * *

>"Sir, MAC gun preparing to fire, shields at 52 and firing solutions locked in!"<p><p>

"Petty Officer, fire the MAC gun when it is ready" Ordered Admiral Jenkins

The ship shudders as the magnetic coil on its underbelly pulses, indicating the successful firing of a MAC round. Traveling at incredible speeds, it penetrates the outer hull of the Covenant weapons platform, impacting with the main reactor and causing a chain reaction, ensuring the complete destruction of the platform.

Cheers of joy filled the control deck as the last Seraph fighters were being mopped up by the Longsword Mark II's. Developed from files found in the office of one Colonel Ackerton, they were a vast improvement over the previous model. More structural integrity, more shield energy and more weapon pods, it was the culmination of years of research. However, the ones in battle were only prototypes, as was this ship, The Glory of Hope, a Retribution class battle cruiser. 9km long, 1km wide, it was the largest ship that had ever been seen,

human and Covenant alike. A large array of its weaponry was derived from Covenant ships which had been disabled in the many encounters that had occurred since the fall of Reach. Plasma Cannons, Torpedoes and Beams had all been included in the specifications.

"Sir, Covenant Weapon Platform's all neutralized"

"Excellent. Get the Marines into the Pelicans."

"Yes Sir"

* * *

>"Ugh, why did I have to be assigned to this ship? So what if it's the newest ship in the fleet, I liked my posting on the Waterloo. At least there I knew everyone" said

"Can it soldier, there are hundreds of soldiers who would have liked to have the position you are in now"

"Sorry, Sargeant Johnson"

"Suit Up Men, we are taking the fight to the Covenant, and it ain't gonna be pretty"

"Sir Yes Sir!" The Marines replied in unison.

* * *

>"What is the situation Arbiter?" asked Commander Enuoque<p><p>

"The Human ship has engaged, and destroyed, the Covenant defenses. Our fleet is waiting for the order to reinforce them"

"Things appear to be going to plan, don't they Arbiter"

"Yes Sir, a bit too close to the plan. I don't like it"

"Me neither, but orders are orders, and the High Council of the Sangheili want us to reinforce these humans if they need it."

"We must re..."

Warning klaxons go off all over the ship, dimming the command deck in a purple hue.

"Scanners, report!"

"Sir, multiple slip-space ruptures, 5 parsecs off the port"

"Are they ours?"

"Negative, they aren't emitting any signals"

Ships started appearing from slip-space, Human and Covenant alike.

"Sir, im not reading any life signs for any of the ships"

"What, how is that possible?"

"I don't know sir, but 90 of the ships are setting a collision course for our battlegroup!"

"Power up the plasma cannons in all areas, take power from the engines if you need it. When they are in range, discharge all the cannons on the port side, then use thrusters to bring our starboard towards them and discharge them as well. Instruct the rest of the ships to do the same."

"Yes sir. The _Honour of Truth_ is reporting a loss in all power. They are running on batteries"

"Damn them, have the _Belief of Respect_ position themselves in front of the _Honour of Truth_ to protect them."

"Sir, boarding craft are heading at high speeds towards the battle group, impact in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1"

Many small impacts rocked the ship as the many craft slammed into the sides of the ships. Reports from all over the ship flooded into the battlenet

"There are hundreds o..."

"What is it doing to tha..."

"Arghhhhhhhh!"

"Arbiter, get down there and see what you can do."

"Yes Commander"

* * *

>"Admiral, most of the unknown ships are heading towards the UASUL battlegroup, but a small number are turning towards us!"<p><p>

"Who is on those ships Petty Officer?"

"I don't know sir, there are no heartbeat signals originating from their location. Sir, I am reading that one of the human ships has an AI onboard. I am attempting to uplink to that ship"

A few seconds pass before a signal is received back

"Sir, the AI is reporting it is onboard the _Gettysburg_."

"Wasn't that ship disabled at the Battle for Gamma Halo?"

"Yes Sir"

"What the hell is it doing here then"

"I don't know Sir, unless..."

"Unless what?"

"Unless some of the Flood survived"

The Admiral pauses for a few moments.

"Get the Chief up here"

2. Chapter 2

The Dawning of a New Age

Chapter 2

Authors Note: I have read the review and I have decided that each subsequent chapter will focus on one aspect, or viewpoint, of the story.

* * *

>Pulses of plasma sizzle down the hallway as Squad 3 tried to hold their hastily-formed post. The Flood parasite was advancing, slowly but surely towards them. <p>"Yaggoy, if Enukee's position is overrun, I want you to fall back to corridor B34 and start setting up a barrier. We shall follow when you tell us to."<p>

"Yes Protector"

The small Unggoy rapidly fired the plasma turret into the swarms of the parasite. He had only graduated from the Military Academy back on Ullgoy when the prophets had betrayed them and the Jiralhanae instructors had started massacring the students. He had joined a small group of trained troops, armed with whatever weapons they could find. They had somehow been able to kill the Jiralhanae and save many of the students. Yaggoy had been given a medal for his actions in killing a Jiralhanae with nothing but a burnt out plasma pistol. What had actually happened was that a piece of ceiling had fallen down and knocked the beast out. All that Yaggoy had done was beat its head in to make sure it was dead, and now he was wishing he hadn't. It was because of the medal that he had been assigned to the flagship of the UASUL First Fleet and to the elite 'Squad 3'.

Now, he was on a ship he didn't know, fighting an enemy which never quit with weapons that overheated. He didn't like their odds at winning.

"Arghhh!" Enukee shouted out as a parasite attached to his neck, forcing him onto the floor. From what Yaggoy had heard, the parasite invades your nervous system, taking over and ceasing all bodily functions, making you into the equivalent of the living dead. Per the Protectors instructions, he waddled back to corridor B34, their storage section. He started moving the heavy boxes into a position where they would create some kind of barrier when something broke through the wall and dragged him into the chasm it originated from.

The Protector saw Yaggoy head for corridor B34, but that was 5 minutes ago and he still hadn't heard anything from him.

"Curse the Unggoy! They can never do anything right. Everyone, move to corridor B34 and fortify it as quick as you can"

The group of Sangheili started falling back, continuing their barrage

as they went. AS they approached B34, they noticed that Yaggoy was nowhere to be found.

"Where is that worthless garbage now?"

As he spoke, the Flood-Infested form of Enukee jumped out and hit one of his men in the base of the skull. He fell over immediately, blood seeping out the back of his head. The Flood proceed to try and attack the Protector, but was stopped in his tracks by the energy sword in the Protectors hand. He looked around, seeing the rest of his squad be consumed by the flood. He took a plasma grenade from his belt and threw it into the cache. He started to run away from them, as far away as possible

* * *

>The Arbiter runs along the dimly lit corridors, heading for the nearest reported impact site. The battlenet constantly fills with reports, drowned out by the sound of gunfire emanating from the next junction. Unggoy bodies started to become more frequent, some with bullet wounds and some with plasma burns.<p><p>

"What the?"

A Sangheili walked backwards into The Arbiters line of sight, firing wildly down the corridor from where he originated. He had his back turned to the Arbiter when he fell down on to the ground, a Flood parasite clinging to his neck. The Arbiter ran forward and ripped the parasite from him.

"Thank you Arbiter. The parasite swarmed our position in corridor B34. Most of my Squad was decimated by it, and I was only able to escape by igniting a plasma grenade cache. The rest of my squad was consumed by the parasite."

"Accompany me. I am proceeding to the main boarding sites."

"Of course, Arbiter"

3. Chapter 3

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Chapter 3

Authors Note: Another chapter in my first fanfic please R&R!

* * *

>"Sergeant Johnson, please report to the bridge ASAP" <p>Johnson got out of his seat on the Pelican. He straightened out his uniform and dashed up to the command centre, 5 decks up. As is the standard configuration on all UNSC ships, the command centre is located at the bottom of the fuselage, near to the MAC gun. While this had proved to be a rather bad placement for the command centre of a ship, the top brass hadn't changed their stance on it.<p>

Johnson walked of the Grav Lift platform, another stolen technology, directly on to the command deck. "Sergeant Johnson reporting as

ordered sir"

"Thank you Sergeant, we have a major problem, and right now you are our foremost expert on that problem. It would appear that the flood have returned"

Johnson, clearly surprised, takes a step backwards but quickly regains his composure. "But sir, we killed their last stronghold on Gamma Halo almost 2 years ago?"

"Well, some of them must have survived. We have 10 ships heading towards us on a collision course. It will take time to manoeuvre our ship into a firing position and we are reading multiple Phantom and Pelican signatures heading for us. If they impact the ship and gain access to the inner hull, I will need your marines to protect the vital sectors of the ship."

"Yes Sir!"

"Very good Sergeant, now, get back to your marines and start deploying them"

Johnson gave the Admiral a salute and walked back to the Grav Lift. He took out his mobile communicator. "Jenkins, tell the marines to get off of the Pelicans and to meet me in briefing hall 2."

"Yes Sir, may I ask why?"

"All in due time son, all in due time."

* * *

>"Ok Marines, here is the situation. The flood survived our encounter on Gamma Halo and has aquired 100 battle worthy ships. 90 of them have engaged the UASUL fleet but the rest are on a collision course for us. They will send boarding craft to us, and therefore we will need to protect vital sectors of the ship. Anzalete, I want your squad to protect the weapon control systems. Jenkins, you are to protect the Engineering. My Squad will protect the command deck. Upon first contact between their boarding craft and this ship, all Grav Lifts will be shut down so we will have to resort to stairs and cable lifts. If your squad is over run, the last survivor is to do whatever they can to stop the flood from gaining control of our dead soldiers. Is that understood?" <p>"YES SIR!" Replied the troops, the sound echoing around the hall.<p>

"All hands, this is the Captain. You are to report to your duty stations at this moment. All those who have no duty stations are to report the armouries and receive a weapon. This ship will not fall into the hands of the enemy."

* * *

>"Chief, Chief are you awake?" <p>Spartan 117 arose from his deep slumber with a start. A technician was standing above him, a worried expression on his face. John sat up, his head in his hands, rubbing away the tiredness which had plagued him recently. "What do you want?"<p>

"Sir, the Admiral needs you on the bridge. The flood is back"

As if a bomb had gone off inside his head, John rushed up and ushered the technician away. Even though the Spartan III program was public knowledge, the intricacies of the MJOLNIR Mark 8 armour itself was still classified information. John's actions in destroying the Prophet of Truth's Forerunner weapon had warranted his inclusion in the aforementioned program. His armour, as most of the UNSC's new projects were, was filled with Covenant technology provided by UASUL. Internal Camouflage generator, fusion power core, Plasma weapon recharger, the works. Each of the improvements had proved invaluable in John's numerous engagements, but the added weight put a strain on his body, and was therefore tired more often.

The actual process of putting on the armour was much easier than previous models. All he need do was walk into a chamber, and it was put on automatically by a varying array of robotic arms, and it only took 2 minutes. As John stepped out, his HUD sprung to life. All of the instruments read fine, and a Nav Point popped up on his internal map. A familiar feeling entered his neocortex.

"I was wondering when you were going to show up"

"Well, aren't we a grumpy person today" Cortana replied. Although strictly past her life expectancy had come and passed, her actions with the Chief had allowed the technicians the permission to maintain her program.

"So, what is the situation?"

"Approximately 2 minutes ago, a battle group of 100 ships dropped out of slip space. 90 of them attacked the UASUL Battle Cluster off our Rear port. We have reports that they have been boarded, and we expect that is what the flood will do to our ship. All personnel are on battle alert and the marines are in strategic positions all over the ship."

"What do they need me for then?"

"Ha ha. Can we please just get to the Admiral."

"If we must"

John walks out of his room and straight into a Grav Lift. It took him straight to the Command Deck, where a group of Marines were setting up a blockade. "Sergeant Johnson. Long time no see"

"It has hasn't Chief. I think the Admiral wants to see you"

"Yeah. How you doing here?"

"We will be fine"

"Ok then"

John walked past the marines and into the actual command centre. The petty officers were frantically powering up the smaller turret weapons on the ship. He could see the ship listing to the right, but the gravity plating balanced it out. The Admiral was at the comm station, talking to the UASUL battle cluster. He glanced up and see John, and immediately turned away from the comm. "Master Chief, its

good to see you"

"Yes Sir. What do you require?"

The Admiral filled him in on the full situation. The successful attack on the Covenant, the flood ships emerging and the reports coming from the battle cluster.

"I see. Well, I will join one of the squads protecting the ship and do my best."

"That is what I would advise Master Chief. Dismissed."

John saluted the Admiral, and went back to Johnson's squad "Looks like I'm here for the long haul"

"I guess so."

End
file.